

J. Butts

THE LADY'S

MISCELLANY;

OR,

THE

WEEKLY

VISITOR.



FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XV.]

Saturday, June 27.....1812.

[NO. 10.

THE
PRINCE OF BRITTANY,

A New Historical Novel.

THE Prince of Brittany, as the Constable had foreseen, met with the most favourable reception from the king of England. He succeeded in every object of his embassy; and Henry, to evince his extreme satisfaction in a mediator for whom he had long entertained the greatest personal regard, conferred upon him a pension of 2000 nobles.

Tanguy, in the mean time, corresponded constantly with his friend. The charming Alicia, it may be supposed, was the favourite subject of his letters. But there was a subject less delightful, on which he found it always necessary also to expatiate. He gave the Prince a minute account of the various artifices that were employed by his enemies, in order to ruin him in the estimation of his brother. But the Prince, attentive to nothing but what related to Mademoiselle de Dinan, paid no regard to the machinations of Arthur and his family.

Montauban, supported in his

pretensions by the Marshal, repaired one day to the apartments of Mademoiselle de Dinan. At a visit so unexpected she could not conceal some symptoms of perturbation. 'Ah! Madam,' said he, 'can this agitation, so ill concealed, be propitious to my hopes?'—'Hold, my Lord. I will give you a convincing proof of confidence: I think you worthy of it. It is to assure you that you may be certain of my esteem, although a tender sentiment cannot—' And what, Madam, can prevent you from rewarding with that tenderer sentiment the ardent passion you have inspired? I impatiently long for the happy ties.—'They are not yet formed, my Lord. I would fain regard you as an object of esteem, and, as such, open my whole heart to you. I am incapable of dissimulation: I dread the injustice of deceiving you: I do not hesitate them to confess it to you. The Prince of Brittany only is—' You have named the author of all my torments. My suspicions then are but too well founded. But you forget, Madam, that I have in my hand the solemn promise of your parents and of your uncle; that I have the consent of our sovereign; that I have a right to your's..

Madam, you must be mine. Heaven has destined you to be my wife. 'Heaven, my Lord! Heaven inspires the inclinations; and for you I can only' 'Proceed, Madam,' said Arthur, whose character was not less impetuous than that of his rival, 'proceed; tell me that you detest me, that I am the most odious of men—your enemy—your prosecutor.' Yes, I will be then the tyrant you detest. My sole object now shall be to justify an aversion I have so little deserved. Never, never more will I speak to you in the language of love. You shall witness now the furious transports of resentment. Your fate is decided. The Marshal and the Duke have ordered it. Ungrateful woman! I will enjoy the tears I make you shed; I will feast on the pleasing sight: and from this moment—adorable Alicia, and is it you that compel me to utter such language? No, no; think not that I can entertain such sentiments. They never have approached—they never will approach my heart. From my mouth only have escaped expressions so contradictory to every sentiment of my soul.—'It is useless, my Lord, to repeal it: Mademoiselle de Dinan was never formed to encourage a passion by illusive hopes. Load me with reproaches; but you shall never accuse me of artifice and treachery. Be supported by the consent of my uncle, and of my whole family: have recourse too to the authority of your sovereign: dispose

like a tyrant, of my hand; my tears are all I can oppose to you; but my heart, that heart which you would tear, which you would destroy—it never can be, it never shall be your's. The Prince of Brittany—it shall know no other lord till death release me from my woes. After this declaration, drag me to the altar.' 'Yes, I will drag you to the altar, a victim devoted to my just resentment. Yes—I shall know how to torture that heart which will not love—which my rival possess. Henceforth I will listen only to the dictates—to the suggestions of vengeance.'

Nor were the threats of Arthur ineffectual. The ruin of the Prince of Brittany was now pursued with an eveternity, if possible, still more determined. His enemies were even so successful, as to excite in the breast of his brother, all the jealousy and resentment of self-love. This sentiment which among all men is, perhaps, the most predominant, when it actuates the conduct of a sovereign, is the dreadful spring of the most extravagant excesses. Francis was persuaded to believe, that his brother had expressed himself concerning him in very disloyal terms, and that he only waited for a favourable opportunity to excite a revolt. Nor did they forget the friendship of the King of England, whom they presented as a foe impatient to fall upon Brittany, on the first intimation from the Prince. In a word these detestable courtiers

found means to stifle the voice of nature, and to dissolve its most tender recollections. Weakness now assumed all the atrociousness of guilt ; and every day strengthened it in a character, which was the sport of perfidy and malice.

The King of England continued to lavish upon the Prince a thousand marks of unbounded friendship. One day he surprised him musing in a melancholy attitude over a letter he had just received. Henry, with the affectionate earnestness of a friend, insisted upon knowing the cause of a grief which was so visible in his countenance. The Prince, who could not resist the generous instances of his august friend, related the whole history of his passion for the beautiful Alicia, and the various obstacles to his happiness. The letter which he had just received, informed him, that Arthur and his partizans, were exerting all their influence to hasten the solemnization of that marriage, which by an engagement, was not to take place till his return. It was added, that the Duke was on the point of yielding to their pressing solicitations, notwithstanding the Count of Richmond, who defended his absent nephew, and urged the inviolable sanctity of a promise. Henry, who immediately entered into the resentment of his friend, united perhaps some political view to those of personal esteem, in the offer which he made of supporting his pretensions by force of

arms. 'I am sensible,' said the noble youth, 'of the generous warmth with which you condescend to enter into my concerns. Yes ! I adore Alicia ; and she shall be mine, or my rival, and all his partisans, I myself, shall expire under a thousand wounds. But, my Lord, can I forget the glorious commission with which I am honored ? Can I, the Minister of Peace, whom the Court of Richmond thought great enough to soar above humanity, can I carry war into my country ? Shall a brother see me again, at the head of hostile foreigners, devoting our fairest provinces to all the miseries of slaughter and desolation.—Alicia—I should forfeit all her tenderness ; she would overwhelm me with her hatred—with contempt. And what must I appear in my own eyes ? A monster of horror ! You love me, Sire : proposing nothing to me that can tarnish my glory. I would sooner die.' 'At least,' interrupted Henry, 'receive a slender proof of my esteem. I will give the sword of constable of England.—' 'I can only answer, Sire, by a new refusal. This high dignity would oblige me to draw the sword against the King of France, my uncle ; and never shall he have to approach me with such a violation of duty.'

The intelligence which the Prince received from Brittany accelerated his return. He had scarcely left the English court when he learned that the Marshal

de Dinan had departed this life.— His fortune seems now to assume a different aspect: he indulges a thousand pleasing reveries: he anticipates a thousand scenes of exquisite delight and uninterrupted joy.

Proceeding towards Nantes, accompanied by his Gentleman, he perceived a crowd of spectators, near a castle, a few leagues from that city. He discovers a splendid procession; he sees a young lady weeping, and encircled by many female attendants, who were supporting her in their arms: he approaches, he recollects—it is the adorable Alicia, whom Montauban was conducting to the altar, with the consent of her family and of Francis, who had suffered himself to be overcome by the persecutions of his favorites. It is hardly possible to describe this scene; the Prince, followed by his attendants, hasten to Mademoiselle de Dinan, beholds her fainting, and forcing her from the arms of her women, places her, with the same precipitation, in those of two Chevaliers that were devoted to him, and whom he ordered to commit her to the care of one of his female relations, whose residence was near the spot. And now the arms were glittering: Arthur, enraged to see his prey thus forced from him, endeavoured to repossess himself of it, and, at the head of his party, to wreak his vengeance on the little troop that attended his rival. The latter ex-

claims; 'Hold; suspend your rage: 'tis mine to combat for Alicia; Montauban is my only object. Approach, rash youth; I will derive no advantage from the respect which thou owest to the blood of thy Sovereign. I love, I adore Alicia, and thou dar'st to dispute her with me! Be my equal now, that thou may'st measure swords with the man who most detests thee. Let one of us tinge this ground with his blood, and Alicia shall be the conqueror's.

(*To be Continued.*)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The LUCUBRATOR,

NUMBER VI.

"Doctrinæ studia et optime felicitatem extollunt, et facillime minuunt CALAMITATEM; eademque et ornamenta bonorum maxima sunt, et solatia." SENECA.

To the AUTHOR of the

LUCUBRATOR.

S I R,

I read your last Lucubrator on the Utility of Learning; with pleasure and conviction, because I have experienced every benefit resulting from an attentive pursuit of wisdom; but I wish you had enlarged in a greater degree on the ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING IN ADVERSITY, a subject on which many of the ancients were very eloquent. Pliny, Cicero, and Seneca, consider Learning as one of the greatest

comforts to a man while he suffers under the pressure of misfortune. No man who has ever known what Learning or Misfortune are, will refuse a willing assent to this:— Learning, indeed, not only improves the mind in knowledge, but strengthens it against calamity. If all the world shut their doors against an unfortunate man, if even ingratitude fills up the measure of his disappointments, yet he is able to retire to a source of pleasure & happiness within himself—a retreat in the midst of a wilderness, which the world never gave, and cannot take away. The Roman and Grecian philosophers seem to have placed Learning as second only to virtue, and as its chief ornament and support; nor without cause. A learned man will be a virtuous man; but if he falls a prey to the enchantments of vice, I have never failed to remark, that it was the æra from whence the grossest ignorance commenced. True taste is a professed enemy to vice. The taste of a vicious man is a sort of instinct, which seems to be given him, as to the brutes, merely to supply him with the conveniencies of life, since, like them, he is incapable of a higher improvement. How, for instance, can the contemplation of the works of nature be reconciled with an inclination to exhaust the strength both of the body and mind in adding to the ruins of our nature?— How can a taste for the sublime in nature or art be compatible with the groveling satisfactions of sen-

sual pleasure?—But why do I run on thus? I know I am but copying your own sentiments, and anticipating what you can express with far more elegance. Permit me to lay the particulars of my story before your Readers, as it may serve to exemplify the doctrine of your last *Lucubration* & the few sentiments which I have ventured to offer in this.

Born to a fortune that placed me above want, I was educated in precepts that placed me above meanness. The only son of two fond parents, I enjoyed every advantage that could make my entrance into life pleasing, or prepossess me in favour of a world with which I was to have the most intimate intercourse. The days of our youth are generally those on which we can reflect with pleasure; we are unconscious of vice, and do not suffer from it; our follies are the effusions of innocence, and our little levities and employments lay forcible claims on the affections of our superiors. None reflect with sorrow on the morning of life, unless like me, they have found it end in a day of calumny; then, indeed, comparisons are formed which draw down our tears, & remembrance are common to increase our discontent. In youth, we are free from the ambition of restless hopes, and free from the many heavy disappointments which ambition is liable to. We suffer not from an excess of joy, in any of our gratifications; for the love of novelty, so prevalent at this tender age, pre-

vents our minds from doating too long on any object. A succession of delights renders us enchanted with life; and having never heard what insincerity is, we form no gloomy presages of our future progress. If we lose a young friend, we weep as for an absent one; but we know not how far more deeply the accidents of our fallible natures will afflict us in manhood.—Habits of obedience serve to add to the happiness of this period; and from these our wishful parents venture to anticipate a merit that will reward their attentions, and be a lasting comfort when they come to bid us adieu.

But often the morning that arises with a dazzling brightness sets in untimely darkness. The youth that is happy affords no assurance that old age or even manhood, will be happy too. No sooner are we emancipated from the trammels of infancy, than the levity which guided all our actions disappears, and we find ourselves set down in a world of which we are perfectly ignorant, and to which we bear an unequal and inconsiderable proportion. We are now to act for ourselves, and to act from our former principles. Shaking off the delusions of folly and dependence, we retain the realities of education, and prove the strength of our minds by an attachment to that virtue which can make us good, and that wisdom which can make us great. as have been the pains which our tutors have taken, such will be the

figure we shall make in life. If we have been neglected, we are in danger to be miserable; even if the most assiduous attentions have been paid, we may be unfortunate. We are now to unite private with public character, and extend that virtue to society which we have hitherto practised for our own emolument.

At this critical period I lost both parents, the pillow on which their dying heads reclined was a thorny one when they thought of me, and reflected on the many dangers their departure might expose me to. Nor was I ignorant or heedless of my situation; for they had not been consigned to the house of oblivion many weeks ere I saw myself forlorn in a wide world, without a friend to guide my steps, and little comforted by the recollection of my former days; for an anxious solicitude concerning my future had almost effaced the remembrance of what I had learned. I soon found, however, that the prospects of life opened with more inviting scenes than I had at first reason to expect; and in a much-lov'd society of agreeable friends, I became gay, improved and happy; yet I thought I wanted something to increase that happiness. The power of female worth, of which I became now conscious, convinced me that I could not more effectually relish the pleasures of life, and increase the strength of virtue, than by associating with a partner whose amiable conversation would

add to the former, and whose engaging example would secure the latter. A mutual sympathy determined my union with a young lady of birth, fortune, education, and age equal to my own, but of disposition far more sweet, of merit far more exalted, and of personal accomplishments that struck even the libertine with awe and admiration. The consent of her parents, which we both deemed indispensably necessary, was most cruelly and unreasonably denied: and the amiable young woman was compelled to give her hand to an abandoned rake, with whom she lived for a few weeks in perfect misery, and at the end of them died in agony, breathing her last in blessings on those who had undone her.

For sometime after this melancholy termination to my fairest hopes, I abandoned myself to a grief that impaired my health, to reflections that injured my temper, and to a solitude which weakened my reason. But the first emotion over, I recovered so far as to carry a moderate and profitable recollection of my past sorrows into my future progress: yet I could not mix with society; a few chosen friends I could still associate with; but the promiscuous intercourse of mankind was irksome, and contrary to the disposition of a sorrowing mind. Public amusements were recommended; but they increased, by their lawless insipidity that grief which they were intended to abate. I at length betook

myself to the more rational pleasures that interest the whole mind, and in the volumes of ancient and modern learning I have found a satisfaction which nothing external in this world can bestow. I see my error in having built my happiness on the uncertainty of friendship; and every pang that recollection brings with it, is an atonement for my mistaken zeal in allowing my mind to dwell on sublunary happiness, to attempt gaining an imaginary satisfaction, and despising the bliss that is really in our reach.

Tell your Readers, Sir, never to enter life with the opinion that the happiness of it can depend on any thing but the consciousness of virtuous intention. Tell them that friendship, love, rank and riches, are but the accompaniments of morality, and that they perish with the perishable professor. Let virtue be the continual garb in which the mind is clothed, and learning the continual employment by which it is to be strengthened. Averse as I am to the society and amusements which once engrossed my attention, I am not miserable. I have lost, indeed the comforts of life, but I deserved to lose them, because I was unthinking enough not to dread misfortune till it fell on my head.

But in this retreat from the world, I am not an inattentive listener to its sayings, nor a sour contemner of its pleasures: they

are not fitted for me, but they are fitted for others. Ny conversing with the wisdom, only, of the world, I shall gain all the benefit which that world can bestow : and by avoiding its galesies and foilies, I shall at the same time escape its dangers. The numerous parties that distract the learned as well as the political world, are no more, when they who attached themselves to them are laid in their graves. In my library I can compose their differences, reconcile their animosities, and gently apologize for their failings, without suspicion of partiality or injustice. These works lie before me as their authors do in the grave : their faults are forgotten, and in proportion to the abundance of their beauties we prize and imitate, or despise and forget them. By thus reading the minds of many hundreds who have long since mouldered in the dead, I find somewhat to fill up the vacancies in my own : by tracing the woes of others. I remove step by step from my own : and by comparing the jarring dissensions and opinions of the great and learned, I have a pleasure which forces a more willing smile than is to be excited by public pleasures that tend to licentiousness or private companies ambitious only of killing time.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CAMILLUS.

To speak little is precious as silver ;
but to speak not at all is precious as gold.

From the Freemasons Magazine.

Mr. What's your name,

YOU'RE a printer I suppose : and I wish from my heart there were fewer of your profession in the country : I don't know any good we do, not I. And now, since I have taken up my pen, (for I'm not much used to writing) I'll tell you a bit of my mind, so I will : I'm determin'd on that. I much suspect that you and my husband have been laying your heads together to impose upon us women, and we're imposed upon enough already, the Lord above knows. Here's I labour from morning to night like a slave, so I do, to try to bring up my children decently ; for I was brought up decently myself ; my father was in a good way of buisness ; and my mother was quite a lady, so she was ; but she was determin'd to bring up her children to work, for all that : Says she to me one day, ' Sarah ' says she ' learn to knit and to sew and to spin, and do house work. If you marry a fortune, it will do you no harm ; but if you don't ' says she, ' you'll be sh'e to provide for yourself.' And the gracious goodness knows it was well that I took her advice, or I should have been in a sweet pickle before this time. To be sure, it's all my own fault ; I might have married another guess kind of man than John Bustle : and well he pays me for my condescending for to have him, against the will of all my relations ! A woman of my family and distraction to marry a nobody like John Bustle ! The dear above knows, I might have had my pick and choice of husbands so I might : There was Bob Gudgeon, he would have snapped at me in a moment ; and there was Old Stocks, the rich merchant, would have given all his heart & more to have got me ; & there was Tom Facia, the pretty young lawyer, as nice a man as you would see in a long summer's day—I know he would have had me ; and there was Charles

Dasher came fifty miles to see me in his gig with a servant behind him, so he did; O! I must have been *infatuated* to take John Bustle! Well: it's no use to cry after spilled milk—what is to be must be, as the saying is; and more's the pity. Well, as I was saying—and—but I have got before my story. My husband, you must know, is one of your *paternity*: I believe you call it—I'm afraid when you all get together that there's no—but I beg pardon, I mean no offence at all—they say that you have got some odd way of—What's this I was saying? My aunt Molly told me once that some of your *paternity* got together and raised the—nothing—I mean nothing—I'm sure I believe you're very honourable gentlemen—all but my husband—But he—I'll tell you what he did: he must go and subscribe for your magazine; which was a thing he had no business to do without consulting me; as I'm a woman of family and his *superiors* in sense and *education*. Well: what does he do?—He goes and subscribes for your *masonry magazine*; but it was left at the shop; and I *know'd* nothing at all about it till the other day, when he brought home a book, elegantly bound to be sure, and laid it down before me.

What's that? says I.

Why, my dear, says he, it's a book.

I know that very well, says I: I'm not blind, whatever you may be; but whose book?

Why, my dear, says he, it's mine.

Well John, says I, I'm amazed at your folly for to go for to lay out your money on books when so many necessities are wanting in the house. The baker's bill's unpaid; a quarters rent almost due; and the children want shoes; and must go and buy books must you? Are you mad?

Poh, says he, my dear girl, (for when he pleases he can talk as smooth as a serpent) my dear girl, says he, (he thought that dear *girl* would do the business, but catch old birds with chaff thought I) my dear *girl*, says he, for (though I'm fifty five years of age, I've a young look still: and the rouge thought to wheedle me) my dear girl, says he, never mind: every thing shall be provided for: and the book is a very fine book, and gives good advice to the ladies.

What is it? says I.

The Freemason's Magazine, says he.

Now Mr. Printer, I respect the Freemasons: that is, I don't like to say any thing against them: because, who knows, they might do me some—but what was I saying? Ay ay, I remember now: my passion overcame me: I snatched up the book, and was going to throw it in the fire. But by accident I observed there was a leaf turned down. I *knowed* that was John Bustle's work: for, whenever he reads any thing that he thinks would suit me, he's sure to turn down a leaf. So, thinks I, I'll see some of your good advice to ladies. I opened the book—it distracts me to think of it—I behold what I read:

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial service: and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word OBEY.

What happenen then? Your elegant book was in the fire in a moment. John snatched it out, to be sure; but not till its beauty was spoiled. I tell you that for your comfort.—OBEY! only let me get my hands on it again!—OBEY! I could have torn the very hair from my head with vexation!—OBEY. indeed! Yes John has often told me (and laughed for he knows that's the way to fret me)

that he was my lord and master ; and that I had promised to *obey* ! But to think that you, that ought to be a man of sense, would join him in his impudence ! Ay ay, I see how it is : there's mischief a brewing : but if—I can't speak for madness and vexation ! I'm sure and certain and positive as I'm living on God Almighty's *yearth*, that I never promised to obey John Bustle ! I remember very well, I skipped over that word—obey John Bustle ! may I be burned up alive, if I obey him ! And more than that ; my aunt Molly told me that, that horrid word had no meaning. She said it was an *absolute* term ; and *absolute*, you know, means old and out of date, and something that's not properly civilized and christian like—And let me tell you, by the by, that my aunt Molly was no fool. She could read and write and cipher : she knew *dismal* and *wulgar* fractions, and *jography* and *stronomy* and *cliptics* and all the high *larning*.

But Mr. Printer, let us come to the point. I tell you pat and plain, that we'll have no more of your books : so you may keep your *Masonics* and *Toy Lettys* and *Miss-Lanys* to yourself : we can do something better with our money than to throw it away for such baldredash.

Yours as you behave,

SARAH BUSTLE.

N. B. I say, Mr. Printer, if you would turn over a new leaf, and teach men to be *respective* and *sequious* and *polite* to their wives, I do, know what I might do. That is, if you would tell such men as John Bustle, when they marry above their spere, to show proper *difference* to ladies of family and *generation* who have honored them with their hands—if you would do this, I say I'll still take your book : and besides, I might be a good spoke in your wheel :

for I am acquainted with people of *extinction* in *Phi adelphy*.

So no more.

S. B.

THE GREEN ASS.

A CERTAIN widow, though pretty much advanced in life, had a mind to marry again. As her fortune was very large she thought herself intitled to a young husband ; and accordingly fixed her eyes upon a handsome youth who had nothing but his personal recommendations to depend upon. She plainly preceived that there would be no difficulty on his part ; but she dreaded the censure & ridicule of her neighbours. In this perplexity, she communicated her wishes and alarms to a maiden sister, who lived in the house and possessed an uncommon share of shrewdness and address for all such occasions. Sister,' says the amorous widow, what think you of Leander ? He is, surely the picture of my late husband. Alas ! I should never have yielded my heart but to this irresistible resemblance. What shall I do for I am in a dreadful constriction about what my neighbours may say of me, being well acquainted with their malice and cruelty. The purest is not sheltered from their ill-natured ridicule. Where it not foin that, this dear young man should—but—' How absurd is all this, my dear sister !' replied the other. 'Follow your inclinations, and don't tell me of such foolish fears. You will be sung,

hooted, hallooed after, and chalked up, for eight days; on the ninth they will think no more of you than one thinks of a friend one has quitted for three months. That ass which you see yonder shall, if you please, impose silence on the whole parish about you the morning after your nuptials.' 'That ass!' 'Yes, that ass. Marry I say; and leave the rest to me and my ass.' The widow was easily persuaded; and the marriage was concluded on the credit of the ass. Dreadful outcry in the parish, rough music before their doors; not a soft thing could be heard from the mouth of either party for the noise of kettles and frying pans. In the mean time the sister had painted the ass as green as a parrot; and out rushed the phenomenon, with a triumphant bray, into the midst of the crowd. In an instant every kettle and pan was mute; and every soul in the parish crowded round so strange a prodigy. 'A green ass! Good Heavens, who could have believed it! Well, wonders will never cease. How surprising is Nature in all her operations! 'I dreamed,' cried an old woman, 'of this very ass a week ago. I am sure it betokens something bad to our town. A number of white mice appeared in the same manner just before the plague that happened in my youth.' Such observations and exclamations as these took place of the clamor about the new-married couple. The green ass

lasted its eight days; and then there was no more curiosity about the green ass than there had been about the new-married couple the moment the ass appeared.

Letter from a young lady on her death bed to her sister.

DEAR SISTER,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchaging fiat will pass, & I shall be either happy or miserable for ever. None about me pretend to flatter me with the hopes of seeing another morning. Short space to accomplish the mighty work of eternal salvation! yet cannot I leave the world without admonishing, without conjuring, you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful hour you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly it may arrive.

We have had the same education, have lived in the same manner, and though accounted very much alike, have resembled each other more in our follies than our faces. Oh, what a waste of time have we not been guilty of! To dress well has been our only study; parade, equipage, and admiration, our ambition; pleasure our avocation; and the mode, our God.

How often, alas! have I profaned in idle chat that sacred name by whose merits alone I now have hopes to be forgiven! How often, alas! have I sat and heard his miracles and sufferings ridiculed by the false wits of the age, with-

without feeling uneasy emotions at the blasphemy ! Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of.

One moment methinks I see the blissfull hopes of Paradise unveiled ; I hear ten thousand myriads of celestial existences turning their golden harps to songs of praise to the unutterable name — The next a scene all black and gloomy spreads itself before me, whence issue nought but sobs, and groans, and horrid shrieks ; my fluctuating imagination varies the prospect, and involves me in a sad uncertainty of my eternal doom ! on one hand beckoning angels smile on me ; while on the other the furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting soul.

I dare not hope ; nor will my revered friend suffered me absolutely to despair. He comforts me with promises in holy writ, which, to my shame, I was unacquainted with before ; but now I feel them as balm to my tormented conscience.

I must bid you adieu eternally. I have discharged my duty in giving you this warning. Oh ! may my death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that weight I wish and pray for : you are the last object of my earthly cares : I have now done with all below, shall retire into myself, and devote the

few moments allowed me to that penitence which alone can recommend me to a glorious immortality. I die.

Your affectionate sister,

VARIETY.

.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

.....

A Prisoner in the Fleet Prison sent to his creditor to let him know that he had a proposal to make which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly the creditor calling on him to hear it, 'I have been thinking' said he, 'that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here and put you to the expence of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness, and it is impossible to say what it may cost you in the end. Therefore what I would propose is this : you shall let me out of prison, and instead of seven groats, you shall allow me only eighteen pence a week, and the other ten pence shall go towards the discharge of the debt.'

THE FIDDLE AND CASE.

A blind fiddler in crossing a violent stream of water lost his fiddle, and narrowly escaped from being drowned. While he was lamenting the loss he had sustained, a by-stander sympathized with him, by saying he pitied his case. 'Oh ! hang the case,' replied the fiddler 'tis the fiddle I want.'

TRULY MELANCHOLY.

She was in an upper room, with one of her brothers, when the cloud approached, and on his leaving the room, to close the window in another room, she arose and passed towards a window in the same room where she sat, with a view to let down the lower sash, which was then hoisted. At the moment she passed the chimney, she was struck a lifeless corpse! and the body thrown into the middle of the room. After the family had recovered from the most dreadful consternation, a sister of the deceased, expressed her fears that Maria was killed; on running up to her room, they found the body of poor Maria, enveloped in flames?—Here all description must fail—The scene was unutterably distressing—yesterday her remains were interred in the burial ground at Easton, attended by a vast concourse of people. The house is very much injured scarce a window is left whole—the lightning passed through the house in almost every direction. Two house dogs were killed, and it excites the astonishment of all who have visited the house, that a single person was left alive.

[illegible]

At Boston, on Friday last, of an apoplectic fit Mrs. Mary Andre s widow of the late Mr. William Andrews, Bookseller.

OF CALEDONIAN LONGEVITY.

In the month of August, 1789, arrived in town, from Inverness in Scotland, one Macleod, an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital. This extraordinary man, though in the one hundred and first year of his age, had walked from the place of his residence, five hundred and fifty miles distant from London, in 19 days, without the least relief on the road. His object in coming to town was to solicit some little assistance through the medium of the Colonel in whose regiment he last served, having married a second wife, by whom he has one son, between six and seven years of age. He stated that in all probability he should soon have a further increase of family, and that his pension would not be sufficient to support them. He is a remarkable stout man, and of a florid complexion. His hair is perfectly white. He first enlisted in the army two years previous to Queen Ann's ascending the throne, and served in Germany under the Great Duke of Marlborough, in all that Queen's wars.

FRENCH ADDRESS.

A French gentleman once travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man who was walking along the road, and who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage. 'With all my heart,' said the gentleman, 'but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?'—'Monsieur' answered the man with great naivete 'Je serai dedans—I shall be in it.'

A strolling manager lately asked a young candidate for the sock, if he was well acquainted with 'stage strick?' 'O yes, sir, very well, for I bilked the last two stage coaches!'

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, June 27. 1812.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

—00000000000000—

Russelville, April 22

MURDER! HORRID MURDER!

A gentleman from Livingston county, informs that the two brothers capt Lilborn and Isham Lewis who were tried and admitted to bail during the last Circuit court of that county, for murdering a negro boy (the property of the former) and burning him on a kitchen fire on the night of the 25th December last mutually agreed, the week before last to destroy each other, and met with their rifles for that purpose on the plantation of capt Lilbourn Lewis. Lilbourn stood on his first wifes grave—Isham a few steps from him—Lilbourn recieved a ball through his heart and fell without discharging his gun which was found cocked. This shocking affair is said to have been occasioned by the flight of capt Lewis's wife who made her escape to save her life, as it was feared that her evidence would be admitted against Isham, as an aider and abettor of the horrid deed with which her husband stood charged;—Isham is confined in Salem jail, where it is said he confessed the above particulars, but at present denies them.

TRENTON June 15.

A shocking occurrence took place in Pennsylvania, nearly opposite this place on Thursday last. A person by the name of Michael Kraft a resident of Morrisville shot a negro woman on the road leading from Morrisville to Bile's Island. The woman lived about 15 minutes after receiving the contents of the gun in her neck. It is not known that any difference



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

FANATICISM—Unveiled.

By Christopher Cæstic, L. L. D.

We always possessed a violent antipathy to your bawling, itinerant, field and barn preachers; and having promised them a dose, we now proceed to administer a little of the nitrous acid of *Satire*, which we hope may effect a radical cure of their disorder. Our medicine is as follows;

I hate your hypocritic race,
Who prate about pretended grace;
With tabernacle phizzes,
Who think Omnipotence to charm,
By faces longer than my arm!
O what a set of quizzes!

I hate your wretches, wild and sad,
Like gloomy wights in Bedlam mad,
Or vile Old Bailey culprits;
Who with a sacreligious zeal,
Death and damnation dare to deal,
From barn-erected pulpits.

I hate that hangman's aspect bluff,
In him, whose disposition's rough,
The porcupine surpasses;
Who thinks that heaven in his power,
Because his sullen looks might sour,
A Barrel of molasses.

A stupid wretch, who cannot read,
(A very likely thing indeed)
Receives from heaven a calling;

He leaves his plough, he drops his hoe,
Gets on his meeting clothes, and lo,
Sets up the trade of bawling.

With lengthen'd visage, woe bedight,
An *outward* sign of inward light,
He howls in dismal tone;—

'I say, as how, you must be d—d,
For Satan an't so easy sham'd,
And you're the devil's own!'

Fools, and old woman, plubbering round,
With sobs, and sighs and grief profound,
His every tone respond, Sir,

O could I catch the whining cur,
The deuce a bit would I demur,
To duck him in a pond, Sir.

If any of the canting race,
Are sent to visit any place,

Adieu to all decorum;
To every virtue, now adieu,
Morality, religion, true,
Are blasted all before 'em.

A good old woman has the spleen,
And sees what is not to be seen,
Or dreams of things uncommon;
Yea ten times more than tongue can tell,
Strange things in heaven, and eke in h—ll,
O what a nice old woman!

Straight by the sect 'tis blaz'd about,
That she's inspir'd beyond a doubt,
And has her sins forgiven;

How can the wretches hope for bliss,
Who palm such foolish stuff as this,
Upon the God of heaven,

Such doers of the devil's works,
Are sure than renegado Turks,
Worse foes to real piety;

And though we would not persecute,
By dint of ridicule, we'll hoot
The wretches from society.

THE TEMPLE OF LIBERTY.

'Where Liberty dwells there is my country.'
THOUGH sacred the flame which our
country enkindles
In every fond heart that for liberty
glows;

Yet cold is that breast where uncher-
ished it dwindles,
And sad the effect that from apathy
flows !

O thou that wert born in the cot of the
peasant,

But diest of langor in luxury's dome,
Whose magic can make e'en the wilder-
ness pleasant,

When thou art, O Liberty ! there is
my home.

How blest is the land that can boast
independence,

The race who the charter of Freedom
have gained !

Whose fathers bequeathed it, and bid
their decendants,

Inherit the legacy pure and unstained !
That land is Columbia's supremely blest
region,

Where Freedom's bright eagle o'er
shadows her dome,

To watch o'er her rights, and protect
her religion ;

Hail, Tempest of Liberty ! thou art
my home.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

From Lake's Poems.

I saw a little beggar boy,
As o'er the waste he sped,
His feet the win't'ry frost had nip'd,
The wind beat on his head :
His cheeks with want & grief were pale,
And as he told his simple tale
The tears that from his eye lids sprung,
Plead far more ably than his tongue.

Why dost thou beg, my boy, ' said I,
' Why stroll thus idly he e ?'
The little wand'rer thus replied,
And wip'd a falling tear :

' My Mamma, sir is in the grave,
My Father is a Turkish slave,
He went to fight upon the sea,
And there he lost his liberty !'

He said no more, his heart was full ;

No gold to give had I ;
But pray'd to heav'n, (twas all I could) ;
And blest him with a sigh ;
O thou ! who canst the wand'rer cheer,
Deign to accept my pray'r, sincere,
And grant a quick return of joy.
To bless the little Beggar Boy.

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